

# The Hong Kong Daily Press

No. 6039

正月廿九光

HONGKONG, THURSDAY, MARCH 4TH, 1880.

四月三日

香港

PRICE \$2<sup>5</sup> PER MONTH.

## SHIPPING.

### ARRIVALS.

March 2, Envoy, Spanish str., 222, Blaauw, Manila 29th February, General Remond & Co.  
March 3, Foochow, British steamer, 709, J. Thomas Chinkin 27th Feb., Rio.  
BETTERFIELD & SWIRE.  
March 3, Wolf, German gunboat, Becks, from Canton.  
THE NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.  
The BANK'S BRANCH IN HONGKONG grants Drawers on London and the Chief Commercial Banks in Britain, and has agents and offices for collection Bills of Exchange and contains all kinds of Banking and Exchange business.

RATES OF INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

ON CURRENT ACCOUNTS, 2<sup>1/2</sup> PER ANNUM ON THE DAILY BALANCE.

ON FIXED DEPOSITS.

For 3 MONTHS, 3<sup>1/2</sup> PER ANNUM.  
For 6 MONTHS, 4<sup>1/2</sup> PER ANNUM.  
For 12 MONTHS, 5<sup>1/2</sup> PER ANNUM.

Hongkong, 28th July, 1879.

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HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, 5,000,000 of Dollars.  
RESERVE FUND, 1,500,000 of Dollars.

GOULD OF DIRECTORS.

Chairman, The Hon. J. K. NEWTON.  
Deputy Chairman, A. M. MOYER, Esq.  
H. B. BELL, Esq.  
F. D. SASSON, Esq.  
H. HOYAN, Esq.  
W. S. YOUNG, Esq.  
Other Manager, H. B. BELL, Esq.  
Hongkong, 18th February, 1880.

MANAGER, SHANGHAI—EDWARD CAMERON, Esq.

LONDON BANKERS—LONDON & COUNTY BANK.

HONGKONG—INTEREST ALLOWED.

ON CURRENT ACCOUNTS AT THE RATE OF 2<sup>1/2</sup> PER CENT. ON THE DAILY BALANCE.

ON FIXED DEPOSITS.

For 3 months 5<sup>1/2</sup> PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

For 6 months 6<sup>1/2</sup> PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

For 12 months 7<sup>1/2</sup> PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

LOCAL BILLS DISCOUNTED.

CREDITS granted on approved Securities, and every description of Banking and Exchange business transacted.

Drawers based on London, and the chief commercial places in Europe, India, Australia, America, China and Japan.

Mr. T. JACKSON, Cash Manager.

Office of the Corporation, No. 1, Queen's Road East, Hongkong, 14th February, 1880.

[192]

CHARTERED MERCANTILE BANK OF INDIA, LONDON, AND CHINA.

[INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER.]

The following RATES OF INTEREST are ALLOWED ON FIXED DEPOSITS.

FOR 12 MONTHS, 5<sup>1/2</sup> PER ANNUM.

FOR 6 MONTHS, 4<sup>1/2</sup> PER ANNUM.

FOR 3 MONTHS, 4<sup>1/2</sup> PER ANNUM.

H. H. NELSON, Manager.

Hongkong, 1st June, 1878.

[193]

NATIONAL BANK OF INDIA, LIMITED.

Registered in London under the Companies' Act of 1860, on 23rd March, 1866.

Established in Calcutta 10th September, 1863.

REGISTERED CAPITAL, 2,000,000.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, 2,000,000.

RESERVE FUND, 230,000.

HEAD OFFICE—39A, THREEDIMINNLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

LONDON BANKERS—NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK OF ENGLAND.

NATIONAL BANK OF SCOTLAND.

All descriptions of Banking and Exchange business transacted.

INTEREST allowed on CURRENT ACCOUNTS at the rate of 2<sup>1/2</sup> per cent. per annum on the daily balance; and on FIXED DEPOSITS according to arrangement—the maximum rate being 5<sup>1/2</sup> per cent. per annum.

R. H. SANDEMAN, Manager.

Hongkong, 1st November, 1879.

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COMPTOIR D'ESCOMPT DE PARIS.

Incorporated 7th and 15th March, 1848.

Recognised by the International Convention of 30th April, 1862.

CAPITAL FULLY PAID-UP, £3,200,000.

HEAD OFFICE—14, RUE BERGER, PARIS.

AGENCIES AND BRANCHES AT—LONDON, BOURBON, SAINT-GERMAIN, MARSEILLES, BONJAI, HONGKONG, LIVERPOOL, CALCUTTA, HANKOW, LYON, NANTES, SHANGHAI.

MANILA SHIPPING.

February—ARRIVALS.

1. Salvador, Spanish str., from Singapore.

2. Fly, British gunboat, from Sandakan.

3. V. de Rivadavia, Spanish str., from H. Kong.

4. Gemina, British str., from Hongkong.

5. Amoy, Spanish steamer, from Amoy, &c.

6. Esmeralda, British str., from Liverpool.

7. Yorktown, American str., for New York.

8. Gloucester, British str., for Falmouth.

9. SINGAPORE SHIPPING.

February—ARRIVALS.

10. Patech, Dutch steamer, from Palambang.

11. Bangkok, Siamese steamer, from Malacca.

12. Gloriosa, British steamer, from Manila.

13. Salaya, Spanish steamer, from Manila.

14. Lurors, British steamer, from Liverpool.

15. Lurors, British steamer, from Malacca.

16. Cleveland, British steamer, for Singapore.

17. India, Italian steamer, for Manila.

18. Nestor, British steamer, for Hongkong.

19. Cariboo, British steamer, for Salouen.

20. Parula, British steamer, for Rangoon.

21. Wm. Homay, Greek str., for Marseilles.

22. Etna, Austrian steamer, for Colombo.

23. Vessels arrived in Europe from Ports in China, Japan, and Manila.

(For last Mid's Advice.)

Victoria (s.) Manila, Jan. 9.

6. R. B. Thomas, German str., for New York.

6. Della, Spanish str., for London.

8. S. M. Spanish str., for Singapore.

8. D. M. de Molina, Spanish str., for H. Kong.

10. Scott, Royal British str., for Liverpool.

10. Amory, Danish str., for Liverpool.

11. Esmeralda, British str., for Hongkong.

12. Esmeralda, British str., for Hongkong.

13. Gloucester, British str., for Falmouth.

14. C. C. Spanish steamer, from Liverpool.

15. Patech, Dutch steamer, from Palambang.

16. Bangkok, Siamese steamer, from Malacca.

17. Gloriosa, British steamer, from Manila.

18. Lurors, British steamer, from Liverpool.

19. Lurors, British str., from Malacca.

20. V. de Rivadavia, Spanish str., from H. Kong.

21. Esmeralda, British str., for Salouen.

22. Nestor, British str., for Salouen.

23. Esmeralda, British str., for Salouen.

24. Esmeralda, British str., for Salouen.

25. Esmeralda, British str., for Salouen.

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67. Esmeralda, British str., for Salouen.

68. Esmeralda, British str., for Salouen.





## EXTRACTS.

## OUR GENERATION.

We all shall pass away;  
But there is that in this Victorian age  
That shall, far down Earth's latest pilgrimage,  
Shine out as now today.

The great deeds done by this brave land, o'er now,  
Shall insue glory old to Earth's high brow.

For look you, with surprise,  
In a brief cycle, how this little land

Hath spread Bri. on's arms o'er every strand;

Hath fag through all the ships;

North, south, east, west; ay, 'em from Polo to Polo  
Hath gone; extends, you, 'neath the Atlantic's roll;

What hath brought this to pass?

By the high Heaven! 'tis truth, light, virtue, law,  
From these pure founts, one o' d', the many draw.

SPRING FROM EARTH'S CENTRAL BOS.

These are the things which may not pass away;  
Victors for these, we pass, to Earth's roundest day.

## CELEBRITIES AT HOME.

M. Taine at MENTHON ST. BERNARD.

A French author is supposed to be perfectly at home anywhere, except in Paris. This opinion is not to be accepted without qualification. Many great names in the literature of France belong to persons who have lived and worked contentedly at a distance from what Victor Hugo modestly calls the Macca of civilisation. Among them are those of Montaigne and Montesquieu, of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Henri Beyle and Paul Louis Courier, of De Tocqueville, Guizot, and George Sand. To that may be added that of an eminent living Frenchman, Hippolyte Adolphe Taine.

From boyhood, when he left Vouciers, a village in the Ardennes, to finish his education in the capital, till ripe years, when he had made his name familiar to educated readers all over the world, M. Taine was, indeed, a Parisian by residence. He then dwelt with his mother in the Ille St. Louis, the Bloomsbury of Paris. Better than any other description which can be given is that given by him of this abode in the thirteenth chapter of his *French Philosopher of the Nineteenth Century*. There he introduces a M. Pierre, who is said to live in the Rue Breronvilliers, and who enjoys a view from his windows of the Jardin des Plantes, and of the splendid bend of the Seine which, descending from the east, here widens out between deserted quays. When the sun rises, and when a luminous path silvers over innumerable small ripples, a mass of white light floods the rooms, and the sparkling beams dance with unutterable joy on the antique window-panes. The rooms are lofty, are wainscoted, and are adorned with panels and paintings in the style of the eighteenth century. There is plenty of space, plenty of light, and little furniture. In old-fashioned rooms like these, containing heaps of books, and of engravings of Italian masterpieces, did M. Taine write those essays which gave him a high place among modern French authors, and produced his *History of English Literature and Notes on England*, which both added to his reputation among his countrymen, and made him more popular in this country, to any foreigner who has tried to tell Englishmen something about themselves and their literature.

Long before M. Taine began to write on the subject of England and Englishmen, he had the advantage of an intimate acquaintance with the English tongue and English books. When he was but a boy, and fond of reading with more than the fondness of the ordinary boy, an uncle who had lived for several years in the United States taught him English. This relative had a small collection of English classics, such as the works of Shakespeare and Spenser, of Defoe and Swift, of Addison and Steele, of Fielding and Smollett. Forbidden when at school to read novels, but permitted to read any book he pleased in English, which was more obscure to his teachers than heathen Greek, he amused himself by forming an acquaintance with the foregoing works and others of the same class. Macaulay wrote in his haste that no one had ever read the *Exerie Queen* through and been at the death of the blant beast; as the blant beast does not die, it is probable that Macaulay failed to accomplish the feat of carefully perusing the poem. Yet M. Taine has achieved it; he is the only Frenchman, perhaps, who can make a like boast. Those persons who have read his *History of English Literature* must be familiar with the exquisite passages in which he analyses and praises Spenser's poetry. His judicious eulogy was the result of intense study. Suffering from over-work at one time, and obliged to spend many months for his health's sake at one or other of the Pyrenean watering-places, the book which M. Taine took to solace his enforced leisure was the *Faerie Queen*.

When free to choose his own place of sojourn, he ceased to be a resident in Paris. He still spends a few months there every year, partly to deliver a course to twelve lectures as Professor of Art and Aesthetics in the Academy of Fine Arts, and partly to prosecute his historical researches in the principal libraries, or among the national archives. As a place of residence, Paris is as distasteful to him as London was to Gibbon; he loves the shore of Lake Annecy as our great historian loved the shore of Lake Leman. In a house facing Lake Annecy, one of the best houses in the small village of Menthon St. Bernard, M. Taine is at home. Though in beauty of situation this Savoy village does not yield to the Swiss city of Lausanne, yet the scenery of lake or mountain is on a much smaller scale in the former than in the latter. M. Taine has improved and enlarged the old-fashioned house, of which he is the proprietor. The principal room is on the ground-floor, and serves alike for receiving visitors and as a dining-room; the tastefully decorated ceiling, the antique five-pair, the works of art on the walls, the massive sideboard, produce the impression that the room is occupied by one who combines an eye for beauty with a taste for comfort. Next to it is the study. Here M. Taine spends the greater part of each day. The collection of books is not large; the books chiefly relate to philosophical, historical, and artistic subjects. The walls are covered with prints of the works of the Old Masters, such as Raphael and Michael Angelo. The writing-table is heaped with manuscript, in a hand-writing nearly as small and delicate as that of Charlotte Bronte. The manuscript is the first draft of the continuation of the remarkable work in which the story of the French Revolution is narrated without bias or passion, in which the research is worthy of a Benedictine, and the style combines the brilliance of that of Michelot with the precision and lucidity of that of Macaulay. The only other important room is a spacious one on the first floor, in which there is a billiard-table, a piano, and ladies' work-tables, and where the family assemble in the evening, when some play at billiards, while others work or read, or else the party engages in general conversation, just as used to be done during the old régime, and is still done in a few Parisian drawing-rooms.

Early hours are kept in the household, nobody is out of bed after ten at night, and M. Taine is at work in his study by seven in the morning. Before the first breakfast, at half-past eight, he has written several pages of manuscript; before the second breakfast, at eleven he has performed a good day's work. After the latter meal he is ready to take a walk in his garden or to amuse himself with the only outdoor exercise, except walking, in which he delights, a row on the lake. The garden is large, and supplies the family with abundance of fruit, vegetables, and flowers. A number of vines yield grapes enough to make a considerable quantity of

wine. The wine is perfectly pure, and is family circle, in far more to be envied than considered very wholesome, but a fatiguing plate might not relish it. The peasant of the place, being easily pleased, is the most abundant, and there is a ready market for all that can be produced. The walks along the lake up the mountain slope, at the bottom of which the village stands, are varied and picturesque. A favorite one is to the Chateau of Monthey, which is situated some way above the village.

At the second breakfast, which is an ordinary English breakfast and luncheon combined, the family assemble in the same room for the first time in the day. In addition to M. Taine and his wife, the gathering generally includes M. Taine's mother and his two children. His mother is a fine old lady, who, being left a widow at a comparatively early age, dedicated the rest of her life, with true French devotion, to the education and advancement in the world of her son and two daughters. Both of her daughters are happily married and settled; the only being the wife of a skillful medical man in Paris, the other being the widow of Major Chevillon, a distinguished officer in the army, who, after having been on active service in Sennegai, China, and the capital of his country during the siege, retired full of honours on half-pay. Though Madame Taine visits her three children in turn, she never appears to go more at home than when on a visit to her distinguished son, of whom she is naturally and justly proud. If citizens of the United States, worship money, and if Englishmen worship lords, it is certain that Frenchmen worship their mothers. In most cases these mothers thoroughly merit the homage of their sons, and Madame Taine has undoubtedly earned the frank and cordial affection which is lavished upon her. The youngest members of the family take their meals with their parents as is the custom in French houses. They are a girl, named Genevieve, the age of eleven, and a boy, named the Enfant, half that age. The latter runs the greater risk of being spoiled; when a paternal grandfather dwelt under the same roof as the parents of an only son, it is not to be wondered at if the boy should have superabundance of care and coddling. The girl, who is a charming child, and is entirely free from the little affectations which too often mark a young French child of the fairer sex, has been the subject of her father's philosophical study. From the moment of her birth he carefully observed all her attempts to move and speak, and noted the results from day to day. D. Darwin did likewise in the case of one of his sons. Both have given the results to the world in excellent periodicals, which are little read by the public—the former in the *French Philosopher*, the latter in the review called *M. Taine*. M. Taine's investigations stopped when his child was about three years old; the drug had brought with him from Germany a specimen of the drug, which was exhibited at the British Association in session at that time at Exeter. The excitement made by the communication was very great, and the interest, confined at first to medical circles, soon spread to the general public. It was loudly asserted that the drug combined all the merits of other narcotics without producing the stupefaction which the latter were known to result in. Medical men spoke and wrote in favour of the sedative, and, for once, the public agreed with the doctors. The drug had certainly been a success, but the trial of a fair trial. It had been pronounced by competent authorities to be "safe" or at least, not dangerous, and many people suffered sleeplessness took the doctor's prescription without paying his fee or entering his consulting-room. But many heavy charges are now laid at the door of the once popular drug. Its power as a narcotic remains, indeed, unrivaled; but in the lapse of three years and less, its effects have become so well known that people certain parts of it.

This second breakfast and dinner are the two occasions when the family meet together during the day, and they afford convenient opportunities for conversing about subjects of general or personal interest. Madame Taine, who like all grandmothers, has given much of her time to the young 'folk,' will have something to tell about them and their doings. Madame H. Taine, who in the ordinary boy, an uncle who had lived for several years in the United States taught him English. This relative had a small collection of English classics, such as the works of Shakespeare and Spenser, of Defoe and Swift, of Addison and Steele, of Fielding and Smollett. Forbidden when at school to read novels, but permitted to read any book he pleased in English, which was more obscure to his teachers than heathen Greek, he amused himself by forming an acquaintance with the foregoing works and others of the same class. Macaulay wrote in his haste that no one had ever read the *Exerie Queen* through and been at the death of the blant beast; as the blant beast does not die, it is probable that Macaulay failed to accomplish the feat of carefully perusing the poem. Yet M. Taine has achieved it; he is the only Frenchman, perhaps, who can make a like boast. Those persons who have read his *History of English Literature* must be familiar with the exquisite passages in which he analyses and praises Spenser's poetry. His judicious eulogy was the result of intense study. Suffering from over-work at one time, and obliged to spend many months for his health's sake at one or other of the Pyrenean watering-places, the book which M. Taine took to solace his enforced leisure was the *Faerie Queen*.

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At the second breakfast, which is an ordinary English breakfast and luncheon combined, the family assemble in the same room for the first time in the day. In addition to M. Taine and his wife, the gathering generally includes M. Taine's mother and his two children. His mother is a fine old lady, who, being left a widow at a comparatively early age, dedicated the rest of her life, with true French devotion, to the education and advancement in the world of her son and two daughters. Both of her daughters are happily married and settled; the only being the wife of a skillful medical man in Paris, the other being the widow of Major Chevillon, a distinguished officer in the army, who, after having been on active service in Sennegai, China, and the capital of his country during the siege, retired full of honours on half-pay. Though Madame Taine visits her three children in turn, she never appears to go more at home than when on a visit to her distinguished son, of whom she is naturally and justly proud. If citizens of the United States, worship money, and if Englishmen worship lords, it is certain that Frenchmen worship their mothers. In most cases these mothers thoroughly merit the homage of their sons, and Madame Taine has undoubtedly earned the frank and cordial affection which is lavished upon her. The youngest members of the family take their meals with their parents as is the custom in French houses. They are a girl, named Genevieve, the age of eleven, and a boy, named the Enfant, half that age. The latter runs the greater risk of being spoiled; when a paternal grandfather dwelt under the same roof as the parents of an only son, it is not to be wondered at if the boy should have superabundance of care and coddling. The girl, who is a charming child, and is entirely free from the little affectations which too often mark a young French child of the fairer sex, has been the subject of her father's philosophical study. From the moment of her birth he carefully observed all her attempts to move and speak, and noted the results from day to day. D. Darwin did likewise in the case of one of his sons. Both have given the results to the world in excellent periodicals, which are little read by the public—the former in the *French Philosopher*, the latter in the review called *M. Taine*. M. Taine's investigations stopped when his child was about three years old; the drug had brought with him from Germany a specimen of the drug, which was exhibited at the British Association in session at that time at Exeter. The excitement made by the communication was very great, and the interest, confined at first to medical circles, soon spread to the general public. It was loudly asserted that the drug combined all the merits of other narcotics without producing the stupefaction which the latter were known to result in. Medical men spoke and wrote in favour of the sedative, and, for once, the public agreed with the doctors. The drug had certainly been a success, but the trial of a fair trial. It had been pronounced by competent authorities to be "safe" or at least, not dangerous, and many people suffered sleeplessness took the doctor's prescription without paying his fee or entering his consulting-room. But many heavy charges are now laid at the door of the once popular drug. Its power as a narcotic remains, indeed, unrivaled; but in the lapse of three years and less, its effects have become so well known that people certain parts of it.

This second breakfast and dinner are the two occasions when the family meet together during the day, and they afford convenient opportunities for conversing about subjects of general or personal interest. Madame Taine, who like all grandmothers, has given much of her time to the young 'folk,' will have something to tell about them and their doings. Madame H. Taine, who in the ordinary boy, an uncle who had lived for several years in the United States taught him English. This relative had a small collection of English classics, such as the works of Shakespeare and Spenser, of Defoe and Swift, of Addison and Steele, of Fielding and Smollett. Forbidden when at school to read novels, but permitted to read any book he pleased in English, which was more obscure to his teachers than heathen Greek, he amused himself by forming an acquaintance with the foregoing works and others of the same class. Macaulay wrote in his haste that no one had ever read the *Exerie Queen* through and been at the death of the blant beast; as the blant beast does not die, it is probable that Macaulay failed to accomplish the feat of carefully perusing the poem. Yet M. Taine has achieved it; he is the only Frenchman, perhaps, who can make a like boast. Those persons who have read his *History of English Literature* must be familiar with the exquisite passages in which he analyses and praises Spenser's poetry. His judicious eulogy was the result of intense study. Suffering from over-work at one time, and obliged to spend many months for his health's sake at one or other of the Pyrenean watering-places, the book which M. Taine took to solace his enforced leisure was the *Faerie Queen*.

When free to choose his own place of sojourn, he ceased to be a resident in Paris. He still spends a few months there every year, partly to deliver a course to twelve lectures as Professor of Art and Aesthetics in the Academy of Fine Arts, and partly to prosecute his historical researches in the principal libraries, or among the national archives. As a place of residence, Paris is as distasteful to him as London was to Gibbon; he loves the shore of Lake Annecy as our great historian loved the shore of Lake Leman. In a house facing Lake Annecy, one of the best houses in the small village of Menthon St. Bernard, M. Taine is at home. Though in beauty of situation this Savoy village does not yield to the Swiss city of Lausanne, yet the scenery of lake or mountain is on a much smaller scale in the former than in the latter. M. Taine has improved and enlarged the old-fashioned house, of which he is the proprietor. The principal room is on the ground-floor, and serves alike for receiving visitors and as a dining-room; the tastefully decorated ceiling, the antique five-pair, the works of art on the walls, the massive sideboard, produce the impression that the room is occupied by one who combines an eye for beauty with a taste for comfort. Next to it is the study. Here M. Taine spends the greater part of each day. The collection of books is not large; the books chiefly relate to philosophical, historical, and artistic subjects. The walls are covered with prints of the works of the Old Masters, such as Raphael and Michael Angelo. The writing-table is heaped with manuscript, in a hand-writing nearly as small and delicate as that of Charlotte Bronte. The manuscript is the first draft of the continuation of the remarkable work in which the story of the French Revolution is narrated without bias or passion, in which the research is worthy of a Benedictine, and the style combines the brilliance of that of Michelot with the precision and lucidity of that of Macaulay. The only other important room is a spacious one on the first floor, in which there is a billiard-table, a piano, and ladies' work-tables, and where the family assemble in the evening, when some play at billiards, while others work or read, or else the party engages in general conversation, just as used to be done during the old régime, and is still done in a few Parisian drawing-rooms.

Early hours are kept in the household, nobody is out of bed after ten at night, and M. Taine is at work in his study by seven in the morning. Before the first breakfast, at half-past eight, he has written several pages of manuscript; before the second breakfast, at eleven he has performed a good day's work. After the latter meal he is ready to take a walk in his garden or to amuse himself with the only outdoor exercise, except walking, in which he delights, a row on the lake. The garden is large, and supplies the family with abundance of fruit, vegetables, and flowers. A number of vines yield grapes enough to make a considerable quantity of

## HONGKONG MARKETS.

AS REPORTED BY CHINAMAN ON THE 3RD MARCH, 1880.

COTTON GOODS.

American Drills, 30 yards, per piece..... \$2.05 to 2.70

American Drills, 13 lbs., per piece..... 3.05 to 3.60

Cotton Yarn, No. 14 to 24, per 100 lbs..... 112.50 to 111.50

Cotton Yarn, No. 20 to 24, per 100 lbs..... 110.50 to 110.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 26 to 30, per 100 lbs..... 109.50 to 108.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 36 to 40, per 100 lbs..... 108.50 to 108.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 46 to 50, per 100 lbs..... 107.50 to 107.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 56 to 60, per 100 lbs..... 106.50 to 106.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 66 to 70, per 100 lbs..... 105.50 to 105.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 76 to 80, per 100 lbs..... 104.50 to 104.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 86 to 90, per 100 lbs..... 103.50 to 103.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 96 to 100, per 100 lbs..... 102.50 to 102.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 106 to 110, per 100 lbs..... 101.50 to 101.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 116 to 120, per 100 lbs..... 100.50 to 100.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 126 to 130, per 100 lbs..... 99.50 to 99.00

Cotton Yarn, No. 136 to 140, per 100 lbs..... 98.50 to 98.0